

foot or one finger, and was revived and quickened for a stronger fight. At the monthly roll-call meeting we touch heaven, and are revived for a further journey and conflict in the world.

So with the Committees. They are essential. They mean Christian work. They stand for individual service. All these are not mere methods or crutches or helps over hard places; they involve principles that go with the name "Christian Endeavor," and with which the name should always go. Upon the maintenance of these principles depends, I am confident, the future success of Christian Endeavor. Do not think that the time has come when we can ignore these ideas or treat them lightly.

Do not suppose that the public has so fully accepted them that they can be safely dropped out of sight.

At union meetings and conventions, in your own society and in more public gatherings, by print and by speech, let us strike not three times, but five or six times, until all the world knows for what Christian Endeavor stands.

May I suggest that more of the money raised in our State conventions might be profitably spent in circulating this fundamental literature rather than in any other way? Sow broadcast this seed. Show that Christian Endeavor has principles—definite, reasonable, workable principles; principles in which we believe; principles that we can defend; principles that constitute the strength of the movement.

2. Again, Christian Endeavorers, strike once more for Good Citizenship. Right nobly have you rallied around this standard during the past year.

From East and West and North and South has come the good news, "Christian Endeavor stands for the election of good men, for the enactment of good laws, for sturdy and steady opposition to the saloon, the gambling-hell, the lottery, the violation of the Sabbath."

It stands by such men as Charles H. Parkhurst, and every kindred spirit in every political party that seeks to purify politics and to make this Immanuel's land.

I congratulate you that none of you have been cajoled into making our organization the tail of any political kite. To be a Christian Endeavorer does not mean that one is necessarily a Republican, or a Democrat, or a Populist, or a Third Party man, a Blue or a Grit, a Tory or a Liberal.

It does mean that he is necessarily a good citizen, and that he will exact every ounce of his influence, to whichever sex he belongs (if the young men will excuse the generic pronoun), for the right.

While Tammany flourishes in New York, and open gambling in Chicago, and licensed prostitution in New Orleans, and the Louisiana lottery has moved only across the street to Honduras, the outlook is dark.

It is dark, but not hopeless.

This last year has seen Boss McKean sent to Sing Sing, and Brooklyn redeemed. It has seen Croker fly to Europe. It has heard Woolley speak in Chicago and Indianapolis, and Murphy in Boston, and has witnessed a score of other good-citizenship campaigns. It has seen thousands of Endeavorers go to the primaries who never went before. It has seen a splendid verdict pronounced against the saloon in Canada, a verdict that Endeavorers have made emphatic in a hundred towns.

Thank God for the year's work! But you have only struck once, Endeavorers. Strike again and again and again, until, if Christ should come to Chicago or New York or Toronto or San Francisco, he would find clean streets, and clean city halls, and clean men in them, with never a brothel or a dive to pollute the air that he should breathe.

(To be continued.)

A Reminiscence.

The sight of some loved names of faithful brethren gone to their reward—in a recent number of your paper—recalls some early memories which may perhaps interest some of your readers.

In the fall of 1832 my eldest brother and I arrived in New York—our intended destination being the then great western city of Cincinnati. We visited Niagara Falls, crossed to Toronto having letters from father to some Scotch Baptist brethren in Canada. Railways were but begun, that from Albany to Utica not yet finished, about two-thirds of the way to Buffalo. Canal boats were best for emigrants. Wm. Lyon McKenzie was then the active political reformer in Canada. The Leslies were quite prominent in Toronto. The Oliphant family had removed from Dundas to Eramosa, and their log shanty, after our weary walk, was a revelation to us—not in itself attractive, but our hearts were filled by their most cordial welcome; and we bought two hundred acres near by. But we found other employment, and after chopping a few trees and cutting into one of my boots and toes, we let the lot grow until it sold for eight times its cost.

The "Sabbath" meetings are worthy of record. The members were few and scattered, but did not neglect their assembling together to remember their Lord. Then the good Fathers Black and Oliphant were leaders. The Bible was the book, and devout instruction and exhortation were given from it, others sharing in the services. The "meeting house" was in Father Black's home—a good example for brethren in thin settlements, and which has had good fruit. Family worship was a matter of course, in which parents and family shared. David Oliphant, afterwards a Bethany student, the youngest, who died some years ago in London, became a preacher and editor of the Banner. William was one of the best, most lovable young men I have ever known. The eldest was also exemplary and cordially co-operated on the farm. The one loved daughter and sister attracted and became the wife of a worthy brother in the faith. In that log shanty I first saw the Millennium Harbinger, and found the near relationship of the Scotch Baptists to the good Disciples of Christ. Hence never any prejudice against the "Campbellites," whose lights then shone in the woods of Canada. Years afterwards I became acquainted with Elder R. S. Bentley and E. Sheppard. Fond memories arise in connection with both names. The first smoothed the way, and the last led me into and out of the river.—Rom. vi. 3-4.

Father Bentley was born in 1800. When he was in Chicago in 1893, I had the pleasure of visiting with him a married grandson, whose mother was then visiting him and family. Here were four generations, and all heard the venerable Great Grandfather offer grateful thanksgiving and earnest prayer for the divine blessing on all as we knelt in heart-felt reverence. We can rejoice that such prayers are answered. Blessings are promised to the third and fourth generations, and Father Bentley had such comfort in the characters of the scores of his descendants and some orphans whom he also raised. Truly "the memory of the just is blessed." Yes, and is a more precious legacy than can be left by any mere millionaire. Such early Disciples as Oliphant, Black, Kilgour, Anderson, Bentley and Sheppard have been great blessings to Canada and also to the United States. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, that they may rest from their labors, for their works follow with them."—Rev. xiv. 13. May our desire ever be to follow those who through faith and patience inherit the promises. T. H.

Check your Indigestion with K. D. C. the Great Checker.

A Group of Pioneer Preachers.

The Canadian Evangelist, the representative newspaper of the Disciples of Christ of Ontario, publishes as a supplement to its last number a remarkably fine group containing portraits of the pioneers of their movement in Ontario. Of these venerable patriarchs, only one is still living, namely, Alexander Anderson, formerly of Eramosa, now of Hamilton. Three of them, Ederes James Black, James Kilgour and Alexander Anderson, were residents of this county and were well known to many of our readers.

James Black, father of Messrs. John and Hugh Black of Eramosa, is the oldest member of the group, and was the earliest pioneer in Ontario of the cause his life and works so eloquently pleaded. He was a man of extraordinary powers, intelligence and zeal, and his memory and the record of his works will be handed down as a grand legacy.

The second of this trio, Elder James Kilgour, is another and not less notable figure in the history of the Disciples of Christ in Ontario. Mr. Kilgour's name has been moreover closely associated with the moral, spiritual and intellectual interests of our own city, of which he was for many years, up to the time of his death, a little more than a year ago, a resident. He was a charter member of the church of the Disciples in Guelph, and was, till within a few years of his death, their minister and moving spirit. He was also for many years a member of the Board of Education, and always took a keen interest in the advancement of education in the city.

Among the other notable personages in this group is the late Elder Sheppard, whose death was recorded a few weeks ago. Though his labors were for the most part confined to other points of the Province, he was well known to many in and about Guelph, having made frequent visits in the course of his labors, both here and in the township of Eramosa.

The remaining member of this venerable group, Elder Dugald Sinclair, lately gone to his rest, did the work of a pioneer in the western part of Ontario, and to his zealous efforts may be traced much of the success of the Disciples of Christ in the South-western counties.

We congratulate our contemporary on the excellence of this supplement which is issued with a double number of the paper containing a very full account of the late convention at Hillsburg. This number, containing as it does this unwritten but eloquent history of the past, as well as a very complete summary of the work of the present, and indicating the prospects of the future, must be of more than ordinary value to its readers.—Guelph Mercury.

Our Premium Picture.

The above very kind reference to our Premium Picture is highly appreciated. There is an error in it with regard to Elder Sinclair; it is twenty-four years since he died.

Don't Put it Off.

The necessity of a spring medicine is universally admitted. This is the best time of year in which to purify the blood, to restore the lost appetite, and to build up the entire system, as the body is now peculiarly susceptible to benefit from medicine. The great popularity attained by Hood's Sarsaparilla, owing to its real merit and its remarkable success, has established it as the very medicine to take in the spring. It cures scrofula, salt rheum, and all humors, biliousness, dyspepsia, headache, kidney and liver complaints, catarrh, and all affections caused or promoted by low state of the system or impure blood. Don't put it off, but take Hood's Sarsaparilla now. It will do you good.

Obituaries.

James Menzies.

On Monday, June 18th, at 228 Richmond street west, Toronto, Bro James Menzies, one of the pioneer settlers in Ontario, reached the close of a long, earnest, Christian life, and passed from earth's scenes into the rest awaiting the people of God. He was born in Dull, Perthshire, Scotland, in 1808, hence he died in his 86th year. The family came to Canada in 1817, remaining near Montreal about a year, from thence they removed to Toronto in 1818, where they dwelt two years. In 1820 they went to Esquesing township, Halton Co., and settled near the village of Norval in what was then the wild unbroken forest. Here with his father, farms were cleared and homes provided, a church of Disciples of Christ was also started—one of the first, if not the first, in Canada—the place of meeting being erected on his father's farm. Brethren Anderson, Trout, Stephens, White, Madden, and other well-known pioneer Disciples met and worshipped here long ago.

In 1878 Bro Menzies removed to Toronto, where he resided until his death. He became a Disciple of Christ in 1838, and lived an exemplary life, keeping his "begun confidence steadfast until the end." He was a man of strong faith, sterling worth, and upright character. Like his father, he was a great student of the Bible, which was his constant companion, hence his knowledge of the word was broad and clear. He was eminently qualified for the active service he so cheerfully rendered to the work of the church, where he steadily advocated the maintenance of the FAITH, the ORDINANCES, and the LIFE of the church of the New Testament. It was at all times profitable to listen to his expositions of the Word of God, especially when he presided at the Lord's table in the assembly of the saints.

Bro. Menzies was a man whose friendship and counsel were highly valued by all who knew him; his excellent memory being richly stored, together with his genial temperament, made him a most agreeable and helpful companion. Not only was he familiar with the scriptures, but he possessed a very extensive knowledge of the literature of the Disciples of Christ, particularly of the writings of Alexander Campbell, whom he knew personally. For many months prior to his death, such was his love for the communion of saints that he was present at the Lord's table when he had to be conveyed to and fro by carriage, being unable to walk the distance from his home. He was one of the charter members of the church established in Occident Hall, Toronto, in 1882, by the late Bro. Kilgour, of Guelph. He enjoyed very much the fellowship of the church in Broadway Hall, Toronto, of which he was a devoted active member, frequently saying his happiest church life was there. His brethren loved him and esteemed him highly for his faith and life. His closing years were full of enjoyment and peace, being happy in his home in the care of two of his daughters, who were with him ministering constantly and tenderly until the end. He was confined to his home since November last, suffering much pain, which was borne without complaint. His intellectual vigor and mental power remained to the end. A few days before his death he spoke of his departure, quoting the words of Paul (and Tim. iv. 6-8) with a calm strong faith. He leaves to mourn his departure, four daughters and one son, surviving members of his family.



As Well as Ever

After Taking Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cured of a Serious Disease. "I was suffering from what is known as Bright's disease for five years, and for days at a time I have been unable to straighten myself up. I was in bed for three weeks; during that time I had leeches applied and desired to benefit. Seeing Hood's Sarsaparilla advertised in the papers I decided to try a bottle. I found

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla CURES

relief before I had finished taking half a bottle. I got so much help from taking the first bottle that I decided to try another, and since taking the second bottle I feel as well as ever I did in my life." GEO. MERRITT, Toronto, Ont.

Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient, yet easy of action. Sold by all druggists. 25c.

The funeral was on the 20th June to Norval, where the earthly tabernacle was placed beside that of Sister Menzies, who died some seven years ago. A large concourse of relatives and friends, with representatives of the York Pioneers, of which society he was a member, attended the funeral both at the home and at Norval.

"Life's labor done as sinks the clay, Light from its load the spirit flies, While Heaven and earth combine to say, How blest the righteous when he dies."

GEO. J. BARCLAY, Toronto.

MCCARTHUR.—To day we laid away all that is mortal of our dear Bro. Peter McArthur, who fell asleep in Jesus on the morning of the 21st, after a lingering illness of about a year's confinement to the house, and which he bore with Christian fortitude and without a murmur. He was one of those who largely reflected in his life the life of Christ. We hoped he would have been spared to a life of great usefulness in proclaiming the gospel in which he so much delighted, and which he presented in such simplicity and tenderness that all who loved the truth were delighted in listening to his presentation of it. He indeed lost sight of himself and held up Christ to the people. Before passing away he selected hymns to be sung at the funeral, and requested that the writer should take the "Faithful saying," 1 Tim. i. 15, as the subject of discourse upon the funeral occasion. Humanly speaking, we feel that we have sustained a great loss, but He who sees the end from the beginning knows best, and we humbly bow to his will. The bereaved family have the sympathy of the community, and better still, the blessed consolation of the gospel. C. SINCLAIR. Collingwood, July 23rd, 1894.

BUTCHART.—In Toronto, July 28th, 1894, of infantile cholera, Arnold, son of Reuben and Annie Butchart; aged one year and ten months. We join with many friends in extending deep sympathy to the father and mother. May the Lord comfort them.

Use K. D. C. for indiscretions of diet.